P S
3507
A8615
1895



chool Days

and Other Poems.

Duncan Doy.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

CHAP. PS3507

SHELF .A8E13 1895

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

9—167

IN SCHOOL DAYS

—AND—

OTHER POEMS.

Hermann Day

PUBLISHED BY
ED. L. LUCKOW,
BARABOO, WIS.

COPYRIGHTED 1895.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

SECOND COPY.

—2—

PS3507
.A86 I5
1895

51656

PREFACE.

These poems were not originally written for publication, but, to gratify an innate desire for rhyming, and, to amuse a near circle of friends. It is only upon unrelenting requests of those who have read these feeble lines, and, seem to think them worthy of a more extensive circle of readers that I have yielded to have them published. "In School Days" is in many ways crude and perhaps in parts too *naive*, but it seems that just in this *naivete* that my friends find their greatest enjoyment. Perhaps there is, however, in it a number of thoughts, in such form and of such essence, as to make them worthy of a reader's time of reading, if so, it will be a gratification to me, if not, I will not be disappointed.

DUNCAN DAY.

PROEM.

Perhaps, I'd better never rhymed,
Perhaps I'm hoarse, or ill in time;
But what will man, a mortal do,
If rhyme and rhythm come to you?

Let poets sing, their best of song,
The good, will help the world along;
The bad will die; let critics rise,
And kill the evil where it lies.

Now critics, wield your steel with might,
Spare not the wrong, but save the right;
Let live the soul of song, it must,
But smite the earthy, it is dust.

Your stinging steel will never kill
My heart's ambition nor my will.
Your steel may draw blood in its track,
Such blood is vile, is ever black.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

AN IDYL.

Among Wisconsin's beauteous hills
With bright clear brooks and rippling rills,
Right near the winding Honey Creek,
Where winter winds are sharp and bleak,
There strolled along a young school master—
His motion slow, but growing faster—
To visit patrons of his school
As 'twas the custom and the rule.
Perhaps, in other magnets' aid,
The reason, why he hither strayed;
For winsome are and undefiled,
The fair girls of this rural wild,
Of nature's cunning—artless—fair—
Though charming—chaste as winter's air:
Their rearing oft' stern, rude and hard
Uncouth and unrefined their ward.
They're full of health—rose hued and sweet—
More lovely ne'er an eye may meet,
As charm-birds sweet, yet unbeguiled,
As wild doves wild, as tame ones mild
No marvel, John, esthetic boy,
Is ever cooing, ever coy.

To port of destination come
Of spinning wheel, he hears the hum.
Reminding him of days gone by,
With thoughts which quickly force a sigh.

He gazed about to see the lot,
To see what man and nature wrought,
To see the order and the grace,
And whether things were kept in place.
Yes, all the order there he spied
Which summons any farmer's pride:
The horse and cow were stabled warm,
The sheep were folded from all harm;
The mows and barracks stored with hay
Enough to last till month of May;
A granary door stood open wide,
Within some children tried to hide
To tease the master of their school;
Though knowing it against the rule:
They care but lightly—little now—
About stern warnings on his brow.
In some retreat "to make a face,"
And, then, make speed for hiding place,
Is quite the trick they love to do,
For which they know not, feel not rue.
He's caught them thus in roguish play,
Like timid deer they fly away.
Though bold in play, yet fairly caught,
All haughty courage falls to aught.

Before he turned to enter in,
Sharp blare of trumpets made of tin
With grating notes fell on his ear:
Which, mingling thus, the blare and cheer,
Make ring the bluffs with echoes loud.

It was a merry sleighing crowd
Upon the hill beyond the house,
In group just like a flock of grouse.
At sound of trumpets all did start
As fleet as flying arrows dart;
And racing rode they down the hill
To beat the aim—the stern bent will.
The shouts of merriment from all
Burst forth to see one tip and fall;
Or run on one another's sleds
And send them swift in snowy beds;
Or passing by one just a foot,
'Twould wake to scorn, 'twould rouse to hoot.
When near the bottom of the hill
One little boy behind and still,
Had steered his sled on crust of snow
And flew ahead as from a bow
The speed-winged, whizzing arrow flies.
His comrades cheer him; loud their cries:
"Hurrah! 'Wisconsin,' beats the rest
Her motto, 'Forward,' is the best;"
And, though they're sorely left behind,
Yet ne'er a one does speak unkind.

Now rapping sharply at the door,
Almost a flash of thought before,
A soft voice bade him a "come in,"
Which rang so friendly from within;
It was the voice of farmer Wylde
In accents firm, yet meek and mild.

Then, entering in the house, he spied,
In easy chair, the country pride,
The man who bade him welcome here
And Mistress Wylde her husband near.
He met from both a welcome warm,
As friends meet friends upon the farm,
And now he must accept to please,
The farmer's pride, his chair of ease.
'Twas soon the conversation span
Its threads about the ways of man.
And then the price of crops and kine,
And most, the market of the swine,
And last, and least as 'tis the rule,
A little talk about the school;
But John by other interest bent,
In mind was making measurement;
His mind on this or that was stayed
As slow the room his eye surveyed:
Glad children playing near the stove,
With stealthy Puss and trusty Rove:
But near the table sat three girls,
Three handsome forms, three pretty pearls.
The eldest, Grace, read out "The News:"
How people life and love abuse,
(For many yet, the wicked ways
In vogue in these our modern days)—
Forsake their trusty wives so true—
Forget the helpless children too;
And fair, false lovers heard to cope
With others' wives or loves elope

Of happy homes the fortune blast.
When? When will all this woe be past?
Fair Lulu, fairest of the three,
With her some odds did not agree;
For as John entered at the door,
She bent her gaze upon the floor—
Half hidden on her cheek a smile,
Fast fingering something all the while.
The youngest, Lucy, mustered all,
Then quickly passed into the hall.
There, as he sat in cozy chair,
His eye met this—and unaware—
There, just above the entrance door,
A wishing bone—and fate-fads more.
'Twas Lulu's, this was easy known,
She had put there the wishing bone.
Now was he blest, or was he curst?
Or by some hapless chance immersed,
Deep in the fair girls' play of tricks
Where *super* superstitions mix.
For though the girl a fair beau had,
She much explored caprices mad,
To find out who would be her lot—
Much sought to know—yet knew it not.
Perchance a little, too, decoyed
By John's fair looks, and overjoyed,
That he might be her future beau,
Though yet she dare not fancy so;
For he admired a dame of Sauk,

A handsome belle, a belle to talk;
Another too, he tried to woo,
A lovely lass of Baraboo.

The time for tea was nearly past.
"You girls must now get supper fast,"
Was ordered by their mother dear,
And soon did skill of hands appear,
With ready tact the work was done,
For none of these did labor shun;
Most faster than the eye could trace,
All things were put into their place.
The eldest, Grace, did bake and fry,
While lovely Lulu, ever spry,
Made merry music with her feet,
While spry she spread the table neat—
The table groaned, bedecked with food,
Rich odors rose, both sweet and good;
It smoked with viands fresh and fair,
And steamed with brewings rich and rare.
Sweet golden pears, and apples red,
Baked beans—and, not the half is said.
Now sweet and wholesome fare is sure,
Be not in use of it a boor,
Yea, even so in gentle love,
Most high mark motives ever move.
Excess in all's an injury,
Depriving man of sanity.
The happier one is always he
Who lives in measured liberty.

"Be welcome now to supper, John,"
Exclaimed the father, "tea is on."
Thus ended he his social chat,
And all around the table sat.
In reverend silence all are now,
And solemnly their heads do bow,
To heed the table blessing said,
Before the craven mouths are fed.
"Do come, O Lord, and be our Guest,
That, which Thou gavest, be ever blest."
The blessing which the mother asked,
While two revering eyes she masked.
Most others were at looking round,
And hardly heard the last word's sound.

And then resuming all the look
To nature true, they fast partook,
In jovial spirits of the food,
The spirit father of their mood.
But not so long before, John spied
How slow, a fair one ate, and eyed,
As though she measured all she ate—
Close miser of some mystic state.
Yet more attention does command,
The move of her unsteady hand,
The tightly grasping of her knife—
Expression strong of inward strife;
The bashful gazing of her eye,
Could not her passion's depth belie—
What this? What firy, focussed thought?
What soul encircling vision caught?

Far sooner faithless failure now,
Desire which haunts the fair girl's brow.
Each look from him, feigned cool, a blow—
Cool words—precipitate a throe.
But weal or woe to John De. Mart,
A stronger pulse swells to his heart;
As moonbeans soft their lances speed,
So soft, so quick, was done the deed;
He knew, yet scarcely understood
What feeling's fire burned in his blood?

When from the supper table gone,
Then for another scene is drawn,
The curtain veiling future view—
The haze which hides from what is new.
Invited to the sitting room,
Where chased the wild cats with a broom,
The young lad, "baby" of the house,
In fright the hunters of the mouse;
Not scared at all seemed he to be
Nor aught he looked inclined to flee
To see his teacher enter in.
He smiled, then grasped his toys of tin
And with a shuffling step withdrew,
Fast followed by the wild cat crew,
As though they ne'er had suffered harm
At all, from rude boy's hunting arm;
And all had been but kindly play
To cheer the life of passing day.
Then by the eldest, Grace, full fair,
Invited to a tidied chair;

With graceful bow he made reply
To compliment of hand and eye.
Though unassuming plain her pace,
'Twas tender, firm and full of grace;
In town there scarce can be such found,
Where rhythmic measure does abound.

Close nested by the stove sat John
At carving figures neatly drawn;
He fed the fire with whitlings made—
Which blazed up quick, was quick to fade—
In pensive mood and ease he sat,
Surveyed the room and this and that;
A picture, General Washington,
A master-piece of art well done;
And others rare, more rare than rich:
And rows of relics in a nitche,
And tasty decorations more
In every corner by the score;
All made for use, or made to please,
To cheer with charm this nest of ease.
Invited now to game of chess,
The reason true not hard to guess;
For Lulu fair of fair report,
Though young, was not of bashful sort:
And John, more true, lacked not the bold.
As youth full bred in rural wold,
John fast the invitation met,
Was drawn into an unseen net;
Most cheerful went the game along,
Oft' interspersed by merry song;

And often keenly caught the eye,
The on the other on a sly;
Sly, eager glances went and came,
And words they breathed fast fanned the flame:
Like fire in dim and misty haze,
Each breath provokes a brighter blaze.
No more their thoughts were given the game,
Her's on the lad—his on the dame.
Now soft as birds to ambush wend,
Before the game had come to end,
Her hands steal down—hide in her lap—
His find the snare, the tempting trap.

A merry laugh, a boisterous din,
A rap, a tap, the door swings in;
The others enter all abreast—
She quickly drops the hand she pressed.
Beseechingly she gazed at him,
By light of lamp on purpose dim,
Alarmed in look as if to say:
"O, if they knew? O, dire dismay.
"I think we've played at chess enough.
We'll play a game of blindman's buff
With sisters Lucy, Belle and Grace—
Although this room not large in space.
So spoke the girl in her address—
Her face spoke other eagerness;
'Twas ardence sign upon the chin,
Tell-tale, how love essayed within—
Emotions ripples there entrace,

The depths of love upon the face.
"I'm willing too for other game,
It must but bear another name;
'Tis sure, 'twill sweets and joys contain
From blithesome Pleasures gay domain
And we will gain both joy and health
Of all of earth's the greatest wealth."
Expressed with thoughtful mien DeMart,
The would, and would not of his heart.

"Then will we play," the children cried,
And ere the mirthful accents died,
All ready were the others too,
And all in mirth, a mirthful crew.
De Mart was chosen to be blind—
This was a nut with bitter rind,
For one so gentle and refined;
But though the rind was sour to greet,
The meat had promise lush and sweet,
With soft scarf total blinded eyes,
He now the captivation tries;
In turns he does his footing brace,
As fast they fly from place to place;
Though touched and tossed by breezes blown
From compass quarters never known.
Now like illusive subtle ghosts
Are haunting him the children's boasts:
He sees how in the future they
Will guy and grin and laughing say

"O, how we did our teacher fool?"
'Twould be the talk for weeks in school.

At last one luckless one he caught,
And thought 'twas she, the one he sought;
Without more thought he spoke her name:
"I am not she," replied the dame;
And ringing laughter did resound
From all the players him around;
Then fast as thought he let her go,
For fear she'd spy his face's glow.
Now motionless, John, stood prepared,
To do all man had ever dared;
Made ready for another dash,
Not easy he was to abash;
And then with energy renewed,
Begins on prudence to intrude;
And at the first faint noise he hears,
He up with wild obstreperous cheers;
And makes a forward plunging dash—
Down come the stove with thunder crash;
The pipes and all with rumbling roar
Come thundering down upon the floor.
In mortal combat with the stove,
(This noisy thunderbolt of Jove),
Thus, John lay grappling on the floor;
Whilst quickly rushing through the door,
Came father, mother both to see,
What there could here the matter be.
From the "Vulcanian" monster loose,
John looked as wild as hunted moose,

That turns on huntsman when in rage—
Prepared for life a fight to wage—
At last more calm he looked around,
And asked if all were safe and sound.
Again with sense of mirth endowed
They all burst out in laughter loud;
But he the storm of mirth belies—
At once begins to rub his eyes.
As though he just from sleep awoke;
"Fire, fire, the room is full of smoke;
Fresh air, fresh air, and more a light,
Dispell disorder, and this night."
Said John in full commanding tone.
Then all the doors were open thrown;
The windows opened at the top,
And in mad toil there was no stop
Until again in proper place,
The things upset in their wild chase.

The girls the floor from soot did clean
And last of smoke did disappear
De Mart while cleansing face and hands
Looked much like chief of savage bands
Who Indian like his face tattooed,
And grimmest gods of warfare wooed:
But most of all which did befall,
A firm, stern face it might apall—
The toothmarks fire left on his hands
His close attention now commands

All swollen—black. and white, and red,
All this by fire he fondly fed—
This biting pain, these swollen palms—
Who, who would soothe the sore with balms?
Return he made to sitting room—
There, none but Lulu, and in gloom—
With soft breathed sighs in rising tide
Which caution tried, but could not hide—
She gently glided to his side.
"Kind Lulu, will you dress these hands
With soothing salve and linen bands?"
"Yes, friend De Mart, I gladly will,
With soothing salve, I'll mend the ill;
And, too, my sympathy is yours,
Mine half the pain while it endures."
One moment—gone, one more—returned,
Pert spryness which all mocking spurned.
Then she applied the salve, and bound
With trembling hands a bandage round.
(Thus Lulu proved the needful nurse
Without a tax upon his purse).
"I hope this soothes the burning pain,
To-morrow more apply again;
And future need of salve and bands,
May I supply with these my hands;
If thus it be, I'll seek a way,
These needs to you at school convey,
Perhaps employ, your school to see,
Such company as Lucy Lee."

At this he smiled, and smiling said:
"Friend Lulu, must this risk evade—
I must be gone—I am delayed."
Then one by one he bade "good night,"
Drew slow the door, withdrew from sight.

Not long De Mart departed there
When she unbound her wealth of hair;
Then sly and slow upstairs she tread,
For close commune with self instead.
Sweet strains impulsive throng the soul,
With waves so strong, beyond control.
The circling waves, deep centered bliss—
Life charmed her face the moonbeams kiss.
She leans toward the silent moon
As if to say, "and why so soon?
You mild, meek ruler of the night
Do guide him with your silver light;
And unsuspecting be his guide,
A bright attendant at his side;
And while you lead, with visions fair
Illume the earth, illume the air."
Her slight and sylphine form, as seen,
Seemed floating in the light serene;
Her eyes so large, so blue, so bright,
Illumed with a soft flashing light,
Which gleamed a mild magnetic glow,
A potent force, as some may know;
O'er those who love, and love right well,

It casts a veil, a blinding spell;
And how? may mortal never tell?
But at a parting, then, her gaze,
Does most display its potent ways;
Her soul she pours through glance of eye
When smiling sweet she bids "good bye."
Thus charms of life and beauty blend,
To much in meaning make amend.

Full true to promise Lulu went
Without a call or being sent,
In company with Lucy Lee,
The school, or John De Mart, to see.
The day was full of sunny glow
Which lightly thawed the silver snow
O'er which the girl-chums bent to go.
Now, as they neared the Honey Creek,
They heard an eagle's piercing shriek;
High on a bluff-brow, bared of snow
Cawed loud a solitary crow
Her ancient gruff and mournful lay
Close by the last, the final stay,
A slain deer found not long before—
Where low it lay to rise no more.
Not long the crow did chant her strain,
From bluff to bluff 'twas heard again;
And from the distant hills there flew
Quite low in field of azure blue
In clumsy flight a flock of crows
Which nearing, yet in number grows;

O'erhead, above them now they fly
Much like an army of the sky:
And when they spied the deer which slain
Lay on the bluff-brow's barren plain,
More eager yet and fast they fly,
And sharp and hasty grows their cry
Till at the place they seem to seek
They all in chorus caw and speak,
The bolder ones upon the ground
At which the rest with fear astound;
For cautious they the tree-tops seek
And quiz the rest with wondering shriek,
Till their suspicious fears have ceased,
And all partake the carion feast.
"I fear that in this gathering there
By dusky tennants of the air
To me some sad foreboding lies?
It swells my heart, dilates my eyes
With wild impulsive blood of fear,
While visions strange to me appear."
Friend Lulu, Lulu do you think
That crows into your future link?
I'll wage, it is a story old,
Your father, or your mother told;
And now some such illusion came
And loose you link it to the same;
Your fear is great, your thought is small,
No wonders cause your great apall."
"Your talk to me is dear delight

Because I know you reason right;
Although I know it full as well
At times thus comes on me such spell
Of feelings charged in childhood hours
To which my reason serflike cowers;
Old stories then reverberate
Till fast winged thought and fancy mate."
Though yet I'm scarce a woman grown,
Rule I myself and thought alone;
And would that all my sex were free
Enjoying self-willed liberty—
No more such rule of wrong as wrought,
But higher feeling, higher thought.
I hate the farmer's dread device
Of making daughters merchandise
Which may be bought or may be sold,
Or bartered from the family fold
To lord of lands or wealthy rake;
What difference thereby does it make
If but the wealth he has and hoards—
He may be all a fool affords."
"What dearest, soul-friend Lucy Lee,
Think you that there's no pride in me?
Though well I know how this is meant,
It makes me think of my descent,
That farmer's blood does course in me;
Unfettered is my liberty,
Not to be sold, not to be bought,
Think what a rude offensive thought."

"No, neither have you of that kind
Of farmer parents who will bind
You to their iron will supreme,
It may be good, or may be mean,
But such who give you choice of way
To do or not, whate'er you may,
If you but act to sense and sight—
Let reason rule and do the right;
They then will give you kind advice
Well seasoned by their wisdom's spice."
"Continue thus some other time
Your wondrous weighty talk sublime."
Then Lulu beckoned her to hush,
But o'er her cheek there flamed a blush;
For they had drawn the school house nigh
Which now commands the straining eye.

The girls with step reluctant then,
As if they knew not how nor when,
Held waiting at the entrance door
At every sound uneasy more;
Till Lucy, bolder of the two,
Did say, "No need to wait for you."
But drew into the entry where
Pupils had hung with tidy care,
Or idly cast upon the floor,
The winter wraps they daily wore
Then, after some prolonged delay,
Enough of courage mustered they,

Most faintly at the door to rap.
It opened at the second tap;
Because the once so stable lock
Which had withstood hard knock and skock,
Had now been broke for full a year;
A new one—('twould be quite too dear).
So much more taken by surprise,
They vainly try it to disguise;
Now welcome bow, now shake of hand,
Such message most may understand.
By nature he of firmest grip,
Now shows some quivering on this lip;
His hands much burned with fever heat,
Though bandage bared in full deceit.

Pleased well to hear frank open sounds,
While classes pass instruction rounds;
And much amazement at the style
In which they march along the aisle
In rank to recitation seat
To sit at call-bell's silver beat.
Now they without direction more
Recited of the day before,
The lesson he to them had taught
Without exception of an aught.
And like all competitions are,
They spoke, they read, the better far.
He, all the recitation through
To points of worth attention drew;

And cause and meaning oft required
I questions simple which inspired.
Before the exercise did end
For their mistakes they make amend,
Till all the rangy theme is clear
And all in attitude to hear
The subjects of to-morrow's theme
And all the links which lie between;
On which he shed such helpful light:
As ways to learn, and, learn it right;
His silent acts—suggestive mien
Oft told what lacked the words between.
In such well worded style he told,
How true the wheels of time have rolled:
How noble patriots had died,
For noble cause, for princely pride;
How vice and virtue face to face
Oft crowd each other out of place;
How noble nations always fell
Which nurtured vice, the lusty belle:
How thought and feeling fair and free
Exalt the doing in degree,
Though now it bids the world adieu,
Its glory lives, its honor due.

The walls were well adorned with art:
Good works of his poetic heart.
He'd frescoed on the plastered wall
The nation's arms, both wide and tall,

The field of blue, stripes red and white,
The dazzling sun, the stars so bright,
The Bird of Freedom grand and proud
With wings outstretched, above a cloud;
The olive branch her talons hold,
But also, arrows sharp enfold—
Grand Bird of Freedom, Bird of War,
Long live thy fame extended far.

Right on the sunlit left there clung
A fresco to address the young;
In it dame Nature, great and grand
Avowed with strong and hearty hand,
Her source in potent Providence
Whose loving, lavish hands dispense
To her the needs of life to live,
And dresses as but God can give;
Thus was the fresco finely dressed,
In charm's impressive power expressed:
And left a longing for the sweets
To which dame Nature only treats;
Therein were mountain high and pale
Between which wound a lovely vale
To where the ocean meets the sand
And sips the river from the land;
The vale with fields and forests green
Displays the toil of harvest scene;
And near the river in the wood
An airy form of fancy stood

Whose charming airy grace and mien
Was like a fairy fancy seen.

Then from the first, last to the left,
Of beauty by the first bereft,
Another fancy fresco clings,
Shows chase with boomerang and slings:
Far out on the Australian ilse
Where hunt yet well is worth the while:
'Tis not for ravage, sport undue,
For food must fall the kangaroo.
Some right dislike the cruel chase
Which makes of man a ruder race:
Yet, when not practiced to excess,
It oft in fruit will turn to bless.

Right opposite first scene of all,
Upon the right, and western wall,
A lovely rural fresco there
With boys and girls both free and fair
Who wander forth to botanize
And net-trap bugs and butterflies.
All seem to rove in merry glee
That they enjoy such liberty.
To make impression more complete
Another fresco more replete,
Addresses often eager eyes,
But not with bright or dazzling dyes:
But greater art and greater skill,
The sense of pleasure does instill.

It is a high school, model hall,
With apparatus, seats and all;
With library and cabinet— .
And such in plan, what eye has met?
The contents but in part displayed
May be enticement to this grade.
Thus charm he gave to aims ideal
And wrought the way to reach the real.

A shroud of curtains deeply hide,
Unless occasions fit provide,
In front, the coat of arms above,
In graceful folds, the flag we love;
A silent teacher, yet more strong
Than wordy teachings loud and long.
It hangs in silence there to tell:
Of heroes who in battle fell,
Of those who died for liberty,
Of those who died to keep us free,
Of those who ever ready stand
Their all to yield for home and land.
Keep green, fair flag, these memories old,
Too oft your story can't be told;
And when our children read the lore
Of their dear country's history o'er;
And young truth flashes on their sight,
Confirm the truth, confirm the right;
And when the first faint feelings start
A heroe's patriotic heart,

Then, flag, upon our offspring look,
Confirm the lessons of the book;
And when in patriotic song,
The heart awakes to feeling strong,
And feeling swells the bosom high,
Then catch the lovelit dewy eye,
And in the spirits storm and strife
Well teach thy noble lore of life;
The worth and truth you thus impart
Is deeply treasured in the heart.
These perfect teachings strong and pure,
Will long, as long as life endure.

De Mart played oft a boyish prank
Yet taught a school of envied rank:
The well planned work of useful sort
Was but the children's grandest sport:
And will be felt in future life
When all are in the whirl of strife;
But first in this, this thought train all
Which ne'er is destined to a fall,
Is more his style of discipline
With less of cruel club or kin,
But love's resistless simple sway
Which wends a brighter, better way:
On it pure Love in flaming light
Encounters, beats, the Demon's might.
In truth is it to overate?
'Tis better far to love than hate.

But yet he firm believed, in need,
Some rebels but a rod will heed,
And then with deep regret and pain
The rod was used as tool to train.
Now when a teacher's heart and mind,
Engaged in bettering of his kind
To such a holy height succeeds,
The world is bettered by his deeds;
When thus a teacher tries to reign,
He'll truly teach, he'll truly train.

'Tis now recess, and now the yoke
Which holds them in restraint is broke,
And head, and heart, and hand is free
In unrestrained liberty.
Now hear the chatter, see the life,
Around the water pail the strife;
The dashing rush for lunch or cap,
The scramble for a shawl or wrap;
The plunge for door, the wild rush out,
The ringing cheer, the lusty shout;
The dashing, reckless, burly boy
Whose manners rude the girl annoy,
With collar up and hat on ear,
In savage glee he does appear;
Clothes torn, and knees and elbows out,
All action, all a rush and rout;
A piercing voice, a lip of scorn,
A cruel heart, a tyrant born.

He leads his coward satellites
And makes to mocking all their rights.
But there is too, the bashful boy
Whose heart brings peace and others joy;
His love a helping hand to lend,
A wrong to right, an ill to mend;
His love of books, and love to mind
Will make him witty, wise and kind;
He loves and does the good he can;
He'll triumph once this little man;
The loud mouthed chap will once be passed,
The meek be first, the loud be last.

But who this simpering silly girl?
This spurious, false lustered pearl
Who smiles and giggles all the day,
Her life in laughter laughs away.
She's pretty, and she knows it true,
But has her heart such beauty too?
There's treacherous beauty, false as fair,
True love has not its being there.
This girl is full of doubtful lore,
Of doubtful good, her bounteous store;
Such secrets too, 'twere sin to tell,
About fair folks respected well.
But there is one you note her not,
A soul-full girl of humble lot.
She helps the little ones to way,
Shield them from harm of rude boy's play;

She's mother to the helpless swarm,
Her smile is conquest over harm;
She's teacher to the slow to learn,
Her laugh is triumph in return;
Her little deeds are deeds of life,
She stems their war, and ends their strife:
She brings the peace to children dear,
All troubles fly when she is near.

In motly groups the children play,
The playground is commotion gay.
The hillside draws the noisy throng,
Their shouts are loud, the echoes long:
A merry train slips down the track,
Headlong, on belly or on back;
A board with twenty in a load
Shoots down the sleek and icy road;
Half down the hill it turns and whirls,
Spills out its load of boys and girls;
And like an avalanche they go,
Swift rolling, tumbling o'er the snow—
Some limbs are hurt, some dresses torn—
Below they hear a laugh of scorn—
But stronger is their loud disdain
As they return to try again.
Some play the game of "pull away"
To add to sport of passing day;
Some others play at "prison bars"
With greater skill than at three R's;

While some with those more mild and meek,
Fill out the time at "hide and seek;"
And all enjoy the out-door fun
Where it is rest to play and run

Now calls the bell to school again,
And fast to school-ward files the train;
Some haste the summons to obey,
Some laugh and loiter by the way;
Yet all are moving to the school,
Obedient to the master's rule;
And one by one they file within.
By slow degrees dies all the din;
When in the hall they brush from feet
The snow, and then repair to seat.
The master taps the singnal bell
And all obey its magic spell;
The chatter ends, one moment more,
The pupils o'er their lessons pore;
No foot, no limb—no body stirred,
A pin-drop even might be heard.
The classes summoned to recite
In eager play of strife delight,
And every power of soul or sense
With close attention is intense;
Intrinsic worth, well worth the strife,
Incentive deep, is cause of life;
And all the recitation through
Is food of thought and wisdom true,

Arouse the conscience, sense of right,
The purposed will, to do excite;
Thus thought and feeling, deep instilled,
The character of man may build.
Well versed he was in lore of mind,
But few his rules, yet well defined—
Though great the bars, he has his keys,
His paths are planned, his rules are these:—
But one thing teach when time is due,
Associate close the old and new;
From point to point new thought attain,
Forge firm from link to link the chain;
All mastered as you learn to know,
Full right, not fast, and yet not slow;
Aim not too low, nor aim too high
Well learn the lore—all knowledge try.
Deep pondered schemes and plans will tell,
The order wise, the way is well;
Make not the pupils toil too hard,
Nor easy; neither, have reward:
Too hard, wears out the toiling mind;
Too easy, rusts and makes it blind:
Two ways, both bad, yet, there between,
The royal road, the golden mean.
From this, the known, to that unknown,
Related facts each other own;
From this, the simple, that complex,
A net of knots on many necks,
Trace thread by thread the knot to find—

One loose—and knot by knot unbind;
From this, the concrete, that abstract,
The common of a class extract,
And bind facts common in a knot—
You have the elements of thought.
The aim is knowledge, power, skill;
It's knowledge first, but higher still
In rank, the power of the mind;
Yet best, the skill, in these defined:
Thus each to each contributes more
When adding to the common store;
Thus skill and knowledge both make force
When you pursue the proper course.

The school tasks of the day are done,
The strife is o'er, a victory won:
A song shall end the labors dear
As triumph, thus it may appear,
A fitting close which may prolong
Their sum of feeling in a song:—

SONG.

Columbia, be ever free!
My country dear, my heart to thee!
From north to south, from east to west,
May man be brave, may man be blest.

CHORUS.

Columbia, in thee unite,
The love of truth, the love of right:

All great in good, the world e'er saw.
In freedom's love, in love of law.

Columbia, be ever true!
Prolong thy fame, the ages through;
May right and law in thee attain,
A truly true, a ruling reign.

Columbia, be ever great!
The rarest gem, a righteous state;
For this be famed, the foremost land,
And thus the world you may command.

Columbia, be ever mine!
My hand, my heart, to thee and thine.
Thou union grand, thou union great,
Thou happy home, thou holy state!

Full well the prying girl-chums saw,
How all he wished, he asked, was law:
While thus they thought, and mused about,
The time was four, the school was out.
Like hasty hornets from a nest
The children from the school-house pressed
Though great the haste, still would they lag
To deal the tag, the last, "last tag."
But turning soon to homeward way
'Tis now a race, the sportive play.
Thus now the model school was closed,
With smile, De Mart, to them proposed,
Acceptance of at liberty,
His most respectful company,

Which would, or could not be denied,
And hence, no action to decide;
Then so like those who chide no charm,
Find no objections to disarm,
Proposed he now the homeward way—
With mute assent they do obey;
But as they measured o'er the road,
A change for merriment they showed,
More merrily rings their chatter sweet,
Echoing hills return the treat.
The slush begins now fast to freeze,
Cold hardened by the chilling breeze,
And music from their steps is heard,
Like silver sound or chirp of bird
Which does in song its homage bring
In glad proclaim of coming spring.
The sun which seemingly on days
Like these, with much the brighter rays
Illumes the world and gazing eyes,
Clothed all in richer tint of dyes,
Was quenching now his quivering light
In snow drifts of a western height,
From which was flung a darkening trail
From west to east across the dale,
Which kissed with racy winter air
Red roses on their cheeks so fair;
Then sought they too their cozy gloves
Much like some good one newly loves.

In grand design fair feathery clouds

Enfold the Eve in golden shrouds,
A firy planet's sparkling face
From fair March heaven's jewel case,—
Bright star who does to us relate,
In language to our souls innate,
Who brings us tidings from above
Where all is beauty, all is love.
Joy pensive from the precious light
They most forget 'tis nearing night:
Such pensive joy, such precious thought,
A thought in height of heaven caught.
De Mart, the lengthy silence breaks
As one who from a dream awakes:
"World wonderous aspect to the eye,
This grand celestial majesty:
As far as thought and eye may reach
Find we not one chaotic breach;
And all the mental eye can see
Seems one, one vast infinity.
And yet again, do we rejoice
While harking to our reason's voice,
That all does have its time and end,
And, Change breaks all, so it may mend."

The home they reach of Lucy Lee
Who bids them stay and there take tea,
And spend a happy, social eve,
Before De Mart does take his leave:
But neither of the two incline
Because they will not undermine

The planned pursuit of their intent
To give to other longings vent;
And, as they bid a glad good-by—
Leave Lucy learn from fantasy.
Ere they less long have plied their way
Shades somber hued eclipse the day;
Still thicker are the starlights strewn
Brighter the silver orb of moon;
Still smaller magnitudes appeared
Till all the sky gleamed golden speared:
And, coldness fathered by the night
Does wield them both with manly might:
As clings the ivy to the rock,
Their arms in close conjunction lock;
And pacing slow along their path,
They face the coldness biting wrath.
"Dear Sir, De Mart, I truly fear
That Mistress Garbill sees us here
So if you will cut 'cross the hill
And, thus evade her point of bill;
For no one dare, does pass by there
Without allotment, full his share
Of scandal tales of high renown
To wild wind sown like thistle down."
"Well thought, and, to our case befit,
Wise forethought is the wine of wit."
Then from the highway's main they go
Less lightly tripping o'er the snow,
Whose icy crust with ease them bears

Till, on the hillside, unawares
To them, unfolds the bluffs' bare head
Which breaks the fair dame's loitering tread:
Though not so shocking is the sight,
And, all surroundings beam in light:
The fancied omen of the day
Retains, as yet, its mighty sway
Which well her bosom higher heaves,
Closed closer to De Mart she cleaves,
Till, home with her he has arrived,
Of her close company deprived.

They pass most undisturbed the eve
And think they truly do deceive;
But well her mother's watchful eye
Does not a bashful mien descry;
Though well would please her John De Mart
She knows as well his happy heart;
For he is quite a social child
Whose laugh-light loves are often wild.
This brings the mother's mind to gloom,
To mother's mind, a painful doom:
To know her daughter but admired,
Less is, than safety hath required.
Love, true, if 'twere, she need not fear,
For joy could shed a silent tear,
For love does hold its object higher,
Than soul has ken, may well inquire.
Yet, long before their parting came,

To him did whisper sly the dame:
"To-morrow eve, if you will choose,
Attend the ball at Ben Ballou's,
And, I and sisters will be there,
The time does promise to be fair."
"Though well inclined to share the dance,
I fear, I must decline the chance:
You know 'twould make it quite too late
For teachers to participate,
Who are by strictest duty bound
Not to be nightly straying round."

That night, for Lulu was as gay
As ever can be brightest day.
The pillow scarce, her head had pressed
When Lulu softly sank to rest;
And, closed was scarce, her watchful eye,
Again she wakes in fantasy—
And, such a white and pearly light,
As ne'er had greeted sense of sight,
And such a sweet and balmy air,
And being light as gossamer,
A spirit she, as light she flies,
As she attempts, she wills to rise:
And, as she wills, her form floats there,
More light than cobwebs in the air.
She, too, finds power to wend her way,
As she would float, so float she may.
'Tis summer in this fair dreamland.

And richest beauty does expand,
From north to south, from east to west,
Above, below, in all its best.
The hills like distant billows rise
O'er fields and forests to the skies:
The brooks and creeks like silver braid
In bordering fringe of green are laid.
She floats in circles o'er the scene,
She gloats her eye on sights serene:
Soars up and down in daring flights
Explores the upper and the nether heights:
At last with airy step she springs
Upon the solid land, and, whirls in rings,
And mazy turns, across a prairie,
In fancy, as a dancing fairy;
And, when by now much keener ear,
She does the wild wind's music hear
With whistling notes, faint, sharp and shrill
Pipe quick and fast for waltz quadrille:
Her steps to the wild music beat,
They fly as fast, they fly as fleet.
She hears the whirdance of a storm,
And, faster spins her flying form:
Her form moves now too fast for light,
A shining whirl flies out of sight—
A lightning flash, a thunder crash,
And hard her feet the meadow dash.
She tries to stand, a dizzy girl—
Above, below, is all a whirl.

She stumbles and she falls to ground,
Grabs grass to keep from whirling round;
She tears the earth, she pulls the grass,
Beneath her turns the mazy mass:
At last exhausted there she lies,
Her eyes pursue the whirling skies.

When calm again she tries to seek
In forest fringe the near by creek:
Her feet trip light, scarce dash the dew,
With airy step their path pursue,
O'er grasses green and flowers and buds,
Through copses of the bottom woods.
Beneath the fringed elm and birch
She finds the path she seems to search;
And, then, the sought for silver creek,
Blinks white through dark fringed tamaracks thick.
But what a sight greets there her eye,
'Tis milkwhite water flowing by;
The smell of fresh milk fills the air,
A smell of honey dew is there.
The banks of silver flecked with gold,
Between, a bed of honey hold,
And, o'er the honeyed creek-bed slips
The sweetest milk that e'er passed lips.
The stream o'er arched with bending trees
Makes mystic music to the breeze;
Arched silver cobwebs, light suspend,
Long spanned from shore to shore extend,

Make bridges light, make bridges fair,
For tennant light of land or air.
She passes o'er the mystic stream
Of lesser weight than light moonbeam.
Yes, floated o'er the cobweb bridge
More light than light winged midge.
Then, as her feet again touch ground,
In wonderment she looks around:
Sees silver spoons from leaves unfold,
And buds burst forth in cups of gold.
She plucks a spoon, she plucks a cup
With them will dip the creek's flood up:
The milk for drink, the honey eat:
The one for drink, the other meat.
She fills the spoon, she fills the cup,
Then gazes to the bridges up,
She startles, as she gazes there—
There hangs a wishing bone in air,
Hung low on cobwebs silver silk.
She reached, it falls into the milk.
But woe, the milk to water turns—
'Tis done, no matter how she mourns.
She drops the cup with heavy thud,
And woe, the honey turns to mud.
She turns and flies with muffled shriek
In speed away from Honey Creek.

Now as her eyes the fields survey,
She makes resolve not far to stray,

And as her eyes a circuit trace,
She finds a bright enticing place:
A high hill, lonely, fair and free,
At random, here and there a tree.
She lights upon its lofty brow,
Unbounded there, her vision now.
New images and forms so fair
Soon people all the realms of air.
She sees a house grow into view,
It is the house of Urban Drew;
Another looms up farther on,
It is the house of her dear John.
She wonders which will be her own:
She brings to use the wishing bone;
She makes her wish, her hope set high.
She pulls, the fragil fragments fly:
Her wish is naught, the houses crumble,
In fragments down the hill they tumble.
She turns, and speeds with muffled shriek,
To make return to Honey Creek.

"Dear Lulu, Lulu, are you wild?
What meaning this, you ill-bred child.
Awake, arouse, and cease to scream,
Your talk reveals you wildly dream.
Dear Lulu, Lulu don't you hear,
And, must your mother trembling fear.
To see thus wildly you behave,
In dreams, in stormy madness rave."

She takes her hand and slaps it smart,
It makes the girl fly up and start;
She opens wildly now her eyes,
In mingled fear with wild surprise.
"Now, what means this, wild, ill-bred girl,
Your head and heart in dizzy whirl?
Wild sports and dances on the brain,
And milk and honey in the train,
And, silly raving, heavy groan,
O'er fate revealed by wishing bone.
This late carousing in the night,
A foul offense against the right;
An iron rule, a rail of rock,
Will hold you back of bar and lock;
No more, no more, your loose delight
Shall fatten on your dreams of night."
Ere Lulu calmed, could make reply
The form is vanished, lost to eye.

A cheerful man was Ben Ballou,
Who paid to all a welcome due;
The merry guests were gathering fast,
Till soon of all had come the last.
Then at the music's livening sound
Waved light the waltzing dancers round,
Less light the thought, less light the care
As light the dresses fan the air.
The dancers all among there was to spy,
Fair Lulu with her merry eye;

Her glowing cheeks are all afflush
With breath of heat—its rosy blush,
Which flames like burning rose of red
Whose face to ardent light is spread,
Brave Urban with his pensive pride,
The partner at fair Lulu's side.
He had been beau to her, so dear,
Through thrice the space of one short year;
More true a lover scarce is found,
In love more close to loved one bound,
Than he, the bravest of the dale
Whose word is worth, and truth his tale.
Woe, what a pity that a girl
Should have her love by fancy whirl,
Woe more, how dull must be the soul
To wishing bone to yield control.
The evening through brave Urban spied
That Lulu was but at his side
In body, not at all in soul
Which mocked the magnet's old control.
But after ending of the ball
The last it seemed of love and all;
No more so spry, no more so gay
She was when homeward bent their way,
And, when they reached her father's gate,
She sighed: "To-night I cannot wait:
Friend Urban need no more attend
His serving hand to me to lend."
Not hardly had her accents died,

And she was missing at his side:
Without a bow, a shake of hands—
He looks—he sees—he understands.
He stands awhile, then turning slow,
He holds himself about to go,
But turns again, against his will,
O'erwhelmed, confused, in spell bound still;
His eyes are red, but not with sleep:
Vain, all in vain he tries to weep.
At last he musters power to speak:
"Woe, woman fair, so fair and weak,
I once have loved, I love you still,
My love for you controls my will.
But why so cold? And, what the cause?
Why she from me her love withdraws?
Past blisses sums, to summarize,
We'd shame the stars, we'd shame the skies.
Yet happiness be ever thine,
Though you another's and not mine."

"Not, because 'tis easy
But because 'tis better
I'll put on me this golden fetter,
Ever more to love but one.

Not because I'm selfish,
But because 'tis fairer
To have in all I do one sharer,
Evermore I'll love but one.

Not, because of oddness,

But, because 'tis wiser,
I'll ever be a fretting miser
Not to lose the love of one.

Not, because 'tis fashion,
But, because 'tis science,
All proved to merit our reliance,
Evermore I'll love but one.

Not, because 'tis novel,
But, because 'tis better,
And ought to beam in burnished letter,
Evermore I'll love but one.

Because it is ideal,
And, because 'tis earnest
That foul delight and vice thou spurnest,
Cling forever but to one.

Then pensive Urban went away,
For nearly was it break of day,
And, when he reached his home, not nigh,
The dawn illumed the eastern sky.

Three short weeks scarce had rolled their round,
De Mart, had left for Bangor bound;
And, since the time he disappeared,
Fair Lulu, ne'er from him had heard.
Awhile 'twas sorrow, heartfelt pain,
And actions of reversing vein:
But time brings changes every year,
And many streams new courses wear:

So Lulu soon had life anew
And sought again the sterner crew
By her device, the wishing bone,
In spite of ill work it had done.
But woe, what curse of this the cause,
What silly custom, or what laws,
That only men are to propose,
And, women to accept or lose,
Would it not be full better far,
If both should seek their guiding star ?

Three short weeks more, and Urban Drew,
Was numbered with the distant too.
Now John and Urban both were gone
In spite of faith in wishing bone:
But since her love for Urban died
She lost her whole ideal pride;
And grew more fickle every day,
Less thought than impulse did obey,
A bumming boy, a loafer lad
The kind of beaux she often had.
Now, let such fair dames be advised
That thus they truly are chastised,
For change of old one for a new.
For true, true lovers are but few;
No other gems such value hold,
The greatest worth, these gifts of gold.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ENTWINED.

Full of angel beauty, grace,
Art thou star of all thy race:
Look so mild, so mild and sweet—
Soft reflex of you I meet.

What a depth I see in you,
In thine eyes' ethereal blue;
As I see myself in thee,
Like a star held in the sea.

And, thy voice—what sound in this?
What a wealth—what birth of bliss—
Harp-notes too of hearts unite
Heart with heart in one delight.

Bitter north wind blow and freeze;
Freeze out life by slow degrees—
Harm this oak and vine entwined?
And, they breathe: "we never mind."

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

I am monarch of the day,
Come what will, and, come what may,
I prevail.
Highest praise to me is sung,
And from every mortal tongue,
Plaudits hail.

Is it this, or is it that,
I'm the subtlest diplomat,
Ordering.
Seest thou not the same control
Bind the transports of each soul
By one king?

Seest thou not the rosy blush?
And, all silly noises hush
All in one.
Mine the power, mine the spell,
No one knows it half so well
How 'tis done.

Angels live not here below,
Visitors, they are I know,
In this place,
Who by holy impulse driven
Leave the sacred realms of heaven,
In their grace.

Yet, as dear is woman pure,
Holy, hopeful and demure
In her life:
None can fill her trust and place,
In this rushing, panting race
Full of strife.

WHAT?

What is life, and what is light?
What is day, and what is night?

Tell me, tell me, if you can.
Tell! Who knows it? Where the man?

What is life, this radiant beam?
Feeling, thought, or fairy dream?
Whither, whence, this potent strain,
Pulse of joy, and pulse of pain?

Science, thou hast boasted long,
Stories right, and stories wrong:
Theories at best and boasts,
Light as dinner talks and toasts.

What is science? Can you tell?
'Tis a boast. It holds a spell.
'Twas not yet on yesterday,
And, again it fades away.

IN SPRING.

In lively spring, in lovely spring
When life awakes anew,
In cheerful spring, in charming spring
The stars with love imbue.
All happy hours, all happy joy
On moonlight winged away,
All love the time that passes so,
So light, so sweet away.

All happy hours, all happy joy
When he and she are met
In rapture and in bliss divine

Which they may ne'er forget:
Yes, met upon the dewy green,
Beneath the blooming plum,
With fragrant boughs of snowy white
Which woo them here to come.

The moon has lit the lesser day
With liquid silver light,
It lends a lightly fairy air
Unto the sombre night:
No wonder, they, unknowing yield
To normal nature's charms,
And, if by instinct, fondly fold
Into each others arms.

The stars are met in heaven on high,
And pour them light of love:
How fixed and firm they seem to stand
In those grand realms above.
Pray, let their love be as the stars
As firmly fixed and true:
This dream to make a lasting truth,
Is what they fondly woo.

All happy hours, all happy joy,
Sweet pulsing of unrest
That flashes fast through raptured souls
While he clings to her breast.
The miser may or money joy,
The autocrat o'er sway;

But he has his, with her, his love,
Beneath the stars of May.

A TEACHER'S PSALM.

Most blest condition, when in school,
All wrongs are rare, and right the rule;
Yet, troubles there will be for all
As sure as shadows rise and fall.

Be patient, do not think it ill;
It may seem long—be patient still;
The time will come, 'twill come to you,
When God reveals what's best to do.

Don't worry over heartless scorn,
The softest rose has keenest thorn:
The wisest phrase that fools may know
Is ever this: "I told you so."

An empty phrase, a husk, a crust;
As dead as night, as dry as dust;
The infidel in scornful way
Asks all he meets with: "does it pay ?"

Say, yes! It pays a thousand fold—
You know, the half is then not told,—
Work, then, is only half so hard.
When work, is held a work's reward.

O woe the day, the dirty tricks,
Of poisoning party politics—

Oh, when will honor higher climb,
And laud the right in its own time?

All hail to Freedom's fairer day!
When they who make the laws, obey,
When in observance, not in breach,
A legislator law does teach.

Spare not, spare not the rod—'tis right—
The weak to spare—the rebel smite;
Rosewater rules a rebel not,
Nor sugar plums will break a plot.

But woe the sight and sound of whip,
When heartless anger curls the lip;
The rebel but one force can feel,
The rod of right, the will of steel.

A potent phrase since life began,
Direct is what it says: "I can,"
Yet more direct and potent still,
Most potent phrase of all: "I will."

Beware, the magnet of a prize,
It holds the heart, the ears, the eyes;
It has with most a mystic spell—
Draws some, and others does repel.

Should prizes be for few or all?
If for the few, then, let them fall—
Such moving force should ever guide,
Which truth from error does divide.

Is there so unbecoming mean
A thing, as man, when a machine?
Go, greet, the vital source of science;
'Tis truth which merits your reliance.

'Tis right, *to seek*, for wisdom's source,
'Tis might, *to find*, its fullest force
Thus steels the will to iron sway,
Which guides the good to better way.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Is there aught you know not faulty?
False to mortals made of clay?
Every hope is hid in darkness,
Darkness, ends the light of day.

Is there use of climbing higher?
Hold to heights before attained?
Mortals hurled by gravitation,
Ground to lowest depths, are chained.

Is there use to battle passion?
Pain, the dregs of pleasures past?
What of efforts? What of striving?
Stands the hero still at last?

Is there use to fight for Freedom?
Fight for what we never gain?
Slaves are slaves for all of battle,
Bleed and battle—bleed in vain.

Is there use to stem the evil,
Evil, rushing like a flood?
Ever breaking all resistance,
Riot runs the rage of blood.

No, as long as hearts are haughty,
Hollow is the empty head;
All as black as it is empty,
Empty life, and love as dead.

No, as long as man is giddy,
Giggling over sacred things;
All his hopes are rosy vapors—
Vapor's faded vanishings.

No, as long as truth is smitten,
Smitten with the shafts of shame;
Venomed lies will leap in laughter,
Loathe the hope of Jesus' name.

No, as long as lust and passion,
Play to multitudes as great;
Pain, the dregs of pleasures passing,
Poison love which turns to hate.

No, as long as love of riches,
Root of every evil known,
Riots in this world as ever,
Ever, seeds of sin are sown.

Only hearts of hope are holy,
Have been victors in the strife;

Holy hopes are endless ever,
Ever endless, holy life.

Only hearts of hope are happy,
Hold the gold that never rusts:
Hope is like a spring eternal,
Happy is the heart that trusts.

Only hearts of faith are hardy,
Have the vigor and the force
Which in life's great field of battle
Breaks the way and holds the course.

Only hearts of faith are faithful,
Firm as mountains in the sea:
Faith will rend the veil of darkness
Drawn around Eternity.

Only hearts of love, the highest,
Hold a light of life divine:
Life, of love is but the shadow,
Shadow, showing life's design.

Only hearts of love, the loving,
Live to purpose as they should:
In the earth the seed is buried,
Buried, grows again to good.

Hoping, loving and believing,
Life is led its holy way,
And its thorns will turn to flowers—
Fruit will follow the display.

Hope, and love, and faith are holy,
Hold the current of our course:
Without these our ship is helpless,
Harm will bring the tempests' force.

Hope, and love, and faith in action,
Actuate the will Divine:
Will's the center-pole of purpose,
Purpose, pointed with design.

* * * * * *

If you will be at reforming,
Form the individual man:
Great of character, not gilding—
God must guide the building plan.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

All flowers at last must fade away,
The trees must shed their leaves;
And grasses die when autumn comes,
We know this ne'er deceives;
But part upon their love made morrow,
That, that is sad and sea-deep sorrow;
Yet, once more gaze into his eye
And bid him thus, the last good-bye.

The sun will set when 'tis the time
And day will be eclipsed.
Each thing that is, in thine own time,
O Fate, thou surely nipst;

But why the bud not full in bloom
Should merit such a dark dread doom,
I know not. She, with hand and eye
Bids now to him, her last good-bye.

Great golden summer follows spring,
As noontide follows morn',
And after seed time harvest comes
To everthing that's born:
It seems not so, not thus to thee,
And why? why should it likewise be?
O were they dead? O could they die?
'Twould then be peace, the last good-bye.

Their fate is fixed, their lot is known,
Now be it as it may:
Live bravely; brave it to the last,
Till Death bears you away.
On earth, you ne'er again may meet,
Such hallowed hours, such days to greet.
Deep drown your woes in one last sigh—
Let o'er you wave, the last good-bye.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! Farewell! Sigh, dearly loved,
Sweet summer's past and gone,
The autumn's sigh is drearily drear,
The winter's sigh, is sigh alone.

Farewell! Farewell! Will he forget
What he with her did learn?

Their love was rich and very sweet,
Too sweet e'er to return.

Farewell! Farewell! The sun is low,
'Tis waning in the west
This parting, girl, does give him pain,
Pain, deep within his breast.

Farewell! Farewell! The evening shades
Are creeping down the dale,
And o'er their past with sorrow falls
The darkness rueful veil.

Farewell! Farewell! It is now o'er,
In darkness ends the day.
Farewell! Their joys are now eclipsed,
And share the doom of day.

MEET IN MAY.

Blithe birds that come to greet the spring
Oft to the South return
To take one more last look on things
They have to leave and mourn.

So, dear ones, may you once more seek
The spot you love so well
Upon the hill beneath the birch
Where the canaries dwell.

You speak a gay and joyous word,
The echo speaks it o'er;

You once in glee and joy did meet,
Why should you meet no more?

The robin with recurring spring
To his old mate returns:
Why should not he to her his love
For whom his being yearns?

Pray, dear ones, you appoint the time,
The hour and the day,
But one thing let me choose, the month
Be it the month of May.

AND THEN NO MORE.

Once again, and then no more:
Who words worse has heard before?
Maiden dear, 'tis now to part,
And, you know 'twill break his heart.
Sad he hears thoughts' billows roar:
Once again, and then no more.

Hearts, your sweet exulting throbs,
Must beat rhythm to sad sobs.
Yet be quiet, be at rest,
Yet your love clings to your breast
And, so fond as ne'er before:
Once again, and then no more.

Once again, he holds her near,
Closely close and dearly dear—
'Tis the dreaded last embrace—

Clouds of sorrow hide his face.
Now, one moment, all is o'er:
Once again, and then no more.

One more gaze into those eyes,
Pure and clear as morning skies;
Once more see her cheeks aflush
With a roseate tinge of blush.
Let their hands be wed once o'er:
Once again, and then no more.

Flow, ye ever easing tears
Ease the sorrow of their years.
Now 'tis done, and they have parted,
And they leave as broken hearted.
Now 'tis done, all, all is o'er:—
Ne'er again, nay, nevermore.

LOVE IS REAL.

Misers may greed great o'er gold,
What's their joy to theirs untold?
Revelers rich have happy been,
What their joy to theirs serene?
There's more kernel to a kiss
Sweet with happy, harmless bliss.

Sweet is nature in her garb,
Lovely lilies have no barb;
Sweet, the sun's bright lovely light,
Sweet, the moon at twelve of night;

But what beauty is so sweet
As when heart with heart does meet?

Grand the stars of silver new
Spangling heaven's robe of blue,
Greatly grand the starry tent
O'er them like affection bent;
But what stars so liquid bright
As her eyes of fervent light?

Brisk and nimble are the deer,
Light of foot they do appear
As they wanton o'er the plain
Light of tread as summer rain;
But more nimble are her feet
Making measure music sweet.

Lovely is the dewey mead
Where their footsteps love to lead;
Lovely are the hills serene
Clad in robes of richest green;
But what beauty can compete
With her smile of love so sweet?

Thrilled with joy he loves to gaze
On her tresses molten maze,
And his vision fondly laves
On her jetty Boston waves
As they ripple in the wind,
All unbound, and all unpinned.

As the ivy to the rock,
Close to her he loves to lock;
Like the moss upon the fir,
Nests as close his head to her:
What convention were more blest
Than to cling to her white breast?

Sweetly as the opening flower,
Her sweet lips escape their power,
And from her so strict control,
Like to purple waves they roll—
Ah, they meet, have touched a shore—
Love is real, what is more?

OUR EXTREMES.

The beat and brush of sharpest thorn,
The brackish bitterness of scorn;
The brine and pepper of a scold
Are in our winter's warping cold.

Wisconsin's North sweeps down its path
In biting bitterness of wrath,
Its hungry teeth are sharp and white,
A deep cold sting in every bite.

Cold, cold, Wisconsin's North does blow,
Cold, cold, is all this world of woe:
Freeze, freeze, blow, blow, thou bitter blast,
A Zephyr brings thee death at last.

Soft Zephyr sent from summer South,
A soft breath blown from rosy mouth;
A morning-breath of balmy bloom,
A breeze that's spicy with perfume.

Soon field and forest green and gay,
The ardor of new life display;
We see the gladest green of grasses,
We hear the lightest laugh of lasses.

The world is daily bathed in dew
Of waters sun-distilled and new,
And vernal verdure drenched with showers
Distills the fragrance of its flowers.

When o'er the misty mountain ridge,
Rears high the rainbow's burning bridge;
Then warms our hope to vigorous ease
And drinks to life, the balmy breeze.

The stinging pain of poisoned thorn,
The sharpest pain of burning scorn,
Remorse, chagrin of foul defeat,
Are in our summer's burning heat.

Warm, warm, Wisconsin's South does blow,
Hot, hot, and all the world aglow;
Burn, burn, blow, blow, thou burning blast,
A Norther chills thy breath at last.

GREAT IDEAS.

Great ideas come not often,
 Fixed and forcible in might;
Great ideas are God's motives,
 Moving man to do the right.

All are ruled by these ideas—
 Dead, the mass not moved by them.
Zeal, is the idea's sister,
 Star, which guides to Bethlehem.

Hail, to them who build the roadway,
Run it true, and make it straight,
Hail, to them who lead the legions—
 Learn to labor, learn to wait.

Woe, to them who stem the flood-tide,
 Flushed by men of righteous zeal:
Woe, to them in that procession,
 Crossing paths of human weal.

Great ideas live forever,
 Ever rise, and rise again.
Nail them to the cross of hatred,
 Hatred, hallows them to men.

Thus the world with new emotion,
 Moves the righteous royal road;
Thus by bloodless revolution,
 Rest at last may be bestowed.

Love must be the law of living,
Light to every human soul;
Hunger can be banished surely,
Surely, ends with Love's control.

SENSATIONS.

The night is chill,
The whip-poor-will,
Gives great orders on the hill:
The night is dark
The firefly spark
Like a diamond you may mark.

The South-wind's moan,
The forest's groan
Make a sinner feel alone:
In darkness dense,
An inner sense,
Wakes the soul to penitence.

A pitch-black cloud
With thunder loud,
Oft' a stubborn head has bowed:
Though strange it seem,
The lightning's gleam,
Rouse the reveler from his dream.

THE WORLD'S VANITY.

As this gaudy world we see,
In its pride and vanity,
In its empty souless joy—
Greater part of all—alloy;
Then we feel its inner sore,
Eating at its very core.

Sodom's apple, rich and red,
Outward life, and inward dead,
Outward brilliant, bright and flashy,
Inward bitter, dead and ashy:
So the greater part we see
In this world of vanity.

Riches are like milkweed down
When the autumn wind has blown;
Fame is but a bubble bright,
Dancing in a lance of light—
Glory like the poppy flowers,
Shaken into falling showers.

Life is vain, if thus it swell,
Hope is but an empty shell;
Virtue but a boast at best
When the tempter has not pressed:
Love above the rest respected
Is with selfishness affected.

Then what is there left to thee,
In this world of vanity ?
All is fickle, all is false;
All is but a whirling waltz,
More deceived, the more we see;
This the truth in vanity.

SCANDAL MONGER.

Scandal monger, eager soul,
Tattling tongue with no control:
Thou art like a muddy brook,
Strewing all its course with muck:
Thou art like a slimy snake,
Winding is the path you make.

Scandal monger, evil mind,
Bad and bitter, black and blind:
Thou art like a dusky cloud
Full of lumber long and loud:
Thou art like a hailstorm's blast,
Banging, beating, fierce and fast.

FANCY WILD.

Wild the visions I descry—
Flee—thou foolish fancy, fly—
Too deluding are thy ways,
Cumber thou no more mine gaze;
Things are not the things they seem,
Life with thee is like a dream.

Cranky whims and wicked wiles,
Dudish pranks and dudish smiles;
Fitful fancy, wierd and wild,
Lures and leads me like a child.
Darken, soul, thine eager eye,
Foolish fancy flits too nigh.

Fickle, foolish fancy fly,
Fill no more mine aching eye:
Cooler charms I choose for me,
Keep thy wild insanity—
Sober thought and calm reflection,
Now and ever my election.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE - - - - - - - - - 2
PROEM - - - - - - - - - 3
IN SCHOOL DAYS - - - - - - - 4
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS - - - - - - 50
ENTWINED - - - - - - - - 50
WOMAN'S DEVOTION - - - - - - - 50
WHAT - - - - - - - - - 51
IN SPRING - - - - - - - - 52
A TEACHER'S PSALM - - - - - - - 54
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS - - - - - - 56
THE LAST GOOD-BYE - - - - - - - 59
FAREWELL - - - - - - - - 60
MEET IN MAY - - - - - - - - 61
AND THEN NO MORE - - - - - - 62
LOVE IS REAL - - - - - - - - 63
OUR EXTREMES - - - - - - - 64
GREAT IDEAS - - - - - - - - 66
SENSATIONS - - - - - - - - 67
THE WORLD'S VANITY - - - - - - 68
SCANDAL MONGER - - - - - - - 70
FANCY WILD - - - - - - - - 70

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 906 499 2